

Enraptured

by LeisaTheGreat

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Summary: 'I'm sorry' was the last thing she said to him before disappearing forever. Everyone thought it was over. But they were wrong. Five years have passed and now Hiccup is Chief. With little memory of what happened to him at the hands of the last witch, will he be able to resist the conquests of another...? (BOOK 3, sequel to Captivated) Post-HTTYD 2. Hiccstrid.

1. Coronation

**Chapter One**

**A/N: In response to... (from last chapter of Siren Sung)**

_NightFury999: __**Thanks :) And cool! What a coincidence. XD**_

_TheGallopingCupcake: __**Thank you! And do you mean the character whose name starts with an "S" and ends in "toick"? XD And yeah...sorry about that line...I had to. But I'm glad you liked it!**_

_MHJohn64th: __**I know right? 200 reviews is insane! Now I'm up to over 230! WHAT THE HECK? XDDD And yeah, the Sirens are hopefully gone for good. (I honestly don't know why everyone is thinking there's going to be a sequel...I didn't say there was going to be one and I'm very confused. o_o) Anyway, I'm really glad you liked it and sorry about no Hiccstrid kiss at the end. It seems like I do that a lot and I wanted to mix things up a little. :)**_

_Q-A The Authoress: __**Yeah...sorry. XD**_

_anime-rocks-08: __**Thank you :)**_

_InfinitiumAce: __**Lol, she is rather evil at times. And...no. No sequel... o_o Why is it that everyone is talking about a sequel? I'm honestly very confused about this...**_

_Cottonmouth25: __**Eh, that's fine. Not every story is for everyone, I suppose :)**_

_Breyannia: __**Lol, now I have to wonder what he'd be like if he were actually drunk. XD And thanks!**_

_xInsertCreativeUsername: __**...why does everyone think there's going to be a sequel to Siren Sung? XD I DON'T UNDERSTAND! LOL! What did I say?**_

_Nightfury101: __**Thanks, I'm glad you liked it!
:D**_

_AwesomeGuest: __**Lol, I thought that was a nice touch too ;D And as of now, I'm not planning a sequel...but everyone seems to think there will be one so maybe sometime in future.**_

_Jesusfreak: __**Yeah...I had to incorporate that somewhere. I had to. Also, no sequel to Siren Sung as of now... I hadn't planned on writing one at all but everyone seems think I am?
*confusion***_

_Vampire-Queen-Kazumi: __**Lol, yes she did! :D And thanks!**_

_Guest: __**Yay! Thank you! :D**_

_oceanzap: __**Yeah...sorry. XD If only~**_

_Foxlight The Dragon Trainer: __**Thanks, I'm glad you liked it!
:D**_

_Derpz: __**Well I'm glad you liked it! (Also the 'sequel' meant post-HTTYD 2...that's what I meant, not a sequel to Siren Sung. Sorry.)**_

_Rachalie: __**Thanks :)**_

C: **Thank you so much :D And no, Stoick's line was not necessary at all...unless, of course, you take into account my amusement at the emotional suffering of others... XD**

_Bwphorse: **Lol, yeah those last few chapters were pretty snort-inducing while I was writing them too. XD And YAY! I'm glad you like my other fanfics as well :D****
>_

* * *

><p>-Time Frame: Post HTTYD 2-

To an outsider, the island of Berk would appear to be asleep. Night has just begun to fall and the sky is dark shade of purple and blue, stars glittering distantly high above the sparse, grey clouds. However, every villager is still wide awake and eagerly filing toward the Great Hall, whose doors stand wide open and flutey music can be

heard drifting out.

The Hall's roof -and that of every other house- looks to have been recently patched and there are still a few, tiny holes. Remnants of the battle that took place here a few weeks ago. The same battle that nearly spelled the end of the peace the Berkians have worked so hard to achieve with dragons. And the very same battle that stole away their beloved Chief, Stoick the Vast...

But today is a day of celebration to the Vikings. Today is their beloved heir's official coronation. As of now, his title has been -more or less- just for show. Despite the elder Gothi's symbol on his forehead.

Today is the day Hiccup truly becomes Chief of Berk.

And needless to say, he's a little less than enthusiastic about it. In fact, there is something else entirely on his mind as he and Toothless stand deep in their island's forest, within a very familiar meadow that neither of which has set foot in since this time last year.

Hiccup still doesn't like to look at the pond in which he was nearly drowned. Even now, five years later, its presence sends chills down his spine. Normally, he would never even set foot in this meadow at all...but today is a very special day. And not because of his coronation.

There's a distant look in the young man's green eyes as he gazes down on the three stone markings before him. He wishes he could have made their memorial on their home island...but there wasn't a force on earth that would have made him go to the witch's home back then. Despite her apology from beyond the grave, the thought of Aragwen still makes his stomach twist into nervous knots.

After all, the kind of horror he suffered at her hands isn't something you can easily shake off. The fact that he has very little memory of the ordeal is a blessing in and of itself. And yet he still finds himself having nightmares about it, of distant, foreign memories he can only sort of confirm to be his own. Some of which, he isn't convinced aren't Hinrik's. The poor boy who was murdered at his mother's hand, meant as a sacrifice to an equally misunderstood spirit, spent many days locked within Hiccup's body. Exactly how much of the memories are his own now, he isn't sure.

_Five years. _ It's been five years since Aragwen was killed and Hinrik disappeared. Hiccup can only hope his friend found peace... Odin knows he suffered enough. As for Aragwen...well...?

Hiccup's reverie is broken when Toothless suddenly begins to purr. The dragon looks up at his friend with soft, green eyes and nuzzles his nose against Hiccup's waist. The young Chief glances down at Toothless and smiles gently. "It's okay, bud." He sighs, planting his hands on his hips. "I'm just thinking is all."

Toothless quiets down for a moment, contenting himself with perking his ears to listen to the various dragons moving about in the forest. Being the Alpha, it's his responsibility to keep them in-line and keep them safe. But for the most part, they seem to take care of most of that on their own. Of course, the Night Fury's protective

instincts force him to keep an eye on his fellow dragons as much as possible. But soon, his attention is drawn back in by another half-hearted sigh from his Rider.

Toothless tilts his head, wondering why Hiccup continues with this strange tradition of his. It's been five years and he still comes here every year, on this exact day, stands by these memorial stones, and just...stares. And sighs. For hours. By the time it's over, his dragon is about ready to jump off a cliff from boredom. However, Toothless has an excuse to end it early this time. And he's not above using the coronation to his advantage. After all, Hiccup should have been there an hour ago! Does he even realize how late he is? Surely if he did, he wouldn't still be standing here.

So as a _friendly gesture, _his loyal companion stands up and returns to Hiccup's side, nudging his back gently at first, only to be waved away. So the second time, Toothless growls quietly as he forcefully shoves his human with his snout, almost causing Hiccup to fall over.

"Ah! What?!" He demands as he steadies himself. "Toothless, I already told you-" But Toothless cuts him off with a knowing glare as he tosses his head in the direction of the village...where an especially bright light is cutting through the darkness.

And then Hiccup's mouth falls open in horror at the realization and he stumbles forward, feverishly hopping into the saddle as he gasps, "Oh no! We're late!" Then, the young Chief jabs a finger toward the Great Hall and barks, "Okay, Toothless! We've gotta go! On the double!" And then he leans down, almost hiding himself being the Night Fury's aerodynamic features. A signal to move. And move fast!

So Toothless obeys, sprinting a short distance and then snapping open his wings and shooting straight up into the sky. He roars in excitement and relief. Finally, they can leave that boring place! He beats his wings a few times to get a high enough speed to please Hiccup, and then glides toward the brightly lit Hall, riding a wind current.

Unfortunately, Hiccup is a little less delighted than his dragon. This morning, he made a promise to a certain blonde that he wouldn't be late... And Astrid isn't likely to forgive him for being so thoughtless. Then again, this is _his_ party. He should be allowed to show up whenever he wants...right?

But at that thought, he only groans and rolls his eyes. _Ugh, try telling that to my incredibly honor-bound girlfriend... _After a moment of imagining how that conversation might go, he moans again and buries his face in Toothless's back. _I'm dead._

* * *

><p>"Ooohhh, he is so dead!" Astrid growls under her breath as she steals another look out the open doors of the Great Hall. Nothing. Hiccup is late. _Again. _Just like always!

"Anything yet?"

Astrid turns to find a very nervous-looking Valka lingering behind

her. Hiccup's mother has been uptight all day, despite her usually calm, free-spirited attitude. She claims it's because she hasn't been around this many people in twenty years and she simply isn't used to it anymore...but Astrid knows the real reason. The woman just lost her husband not three weeks ago and now, her son is becoming Chief of the entire tribe.

And as if that's not bad enough, that very same son is now an hour late! To his own coronation! Which, of course, does not spell good news for the village. How can Hiccup be Chief if he can't even remember to attend his own Thor-forsaken party?!

"Not yet." Astrid admits as she moves away from the door again and gently guides her boyfriend's mother back toward the table at front of the Hall, where the Chief's family is meant to sit. "But...don't worry, I'm sure he'll be here before Gothi arrives." He better be! She growls in her mind.

Valka nods and sits down, only smiling a little when Cloudjumper -who has been sitting up in the rafters all evening- reaches his head down to press his nose against hers. The two women sit side-by-side for a while until Astrid gets antsy again and decides to check outside one more time. When she finds that Hiccup has still not arrived, she silently curses him in her head and then leans against the wall just inside the doors, watching with a forced smile on her face as the villagers talk and eat and laugh. Some are singing in loud, booming voices as they guzzle mug after mug of mead. Others are dancing to the sound the very few musically inclined Vikings have to offer.

It might be a fun time for her too...if only her stupid boyfriend would just show up already! Astrid sighs for the hundredth time, about to look outside again when she feels a presence beside her.

"So, the Mighty Chief still hasn't arrived yet?" Snotlout chuckles as he leans on the wall beside her. "That's a pretty bad sign, huh? Don't you think, Astrid?"

But she only glares at him, not liking the slightly flirty look in his eyes. "What do you want, Snotlout?" She grumbles. "Shouldn't you be over there with Fishlegs trying to win Ruffnut's heart or something?"

"Eh, I figured I'd do poor 'Legs a favor and give him a freebie this time. I mean, after all, we all know he hasn't got a chance against me. In the long run, my little princess will make the right choice."

Astrid rolls her eyes at his vanity and simply stares out the door some more. "Then why are you over here bugging me?"

"Ouch." He mumbles, backing off as he plants his hands on his hips. "No need to take your relationship issues out on me."

Astrid is about to snap that they don't have relationship issues and she's just frustrated because the last thing she wants is Snotlout trying to come onto her when she's practically pulling her hair out with worry over her stupid, brainless boyfriend who can't seem to follow the simplest of orders...when she hears the flap of massive wings outside and nearly throws Snotlout into the wall when

she bolts past him.

"_Where have you been_?!" She hisses as she stalks toward him, glaring heatedly at Hiccup as he slides off the saddle and grins sheepishly at her.

"Sorry." He mutters, raking a hand through his messy helmet-hair. "Am I really an hour late?"

She folds her arms and nods. "Yes, you are. And believe me, it hasn't gone unnoticed."

"Great." Hiccup groans as he hurries toward the doors, expertly slipping an arm around Astrid's waist and pulling her along for support. "Did I miss anything really important?"

"Well...no. Nothing could really be done until you got here. It's _your_ coronation." She admits, grimacing at how easily she's going along with him. She'd wanted to really let-him-have-it for being late but... She supposes she simply doesn't have the heart to get too mad. Not right now.

Already, she can see the uptight posture of his shoulders and the way he's chewing his lip almost fearfully. Sometimes it's so easy to forget that being Chief isn't just a fancy title he's allowed to take...it's an actual responsibility. One that he shouldn't have been forced to bear so early in his life. And so soon after the death of his father... No wonder he looks so nervous.

So with a resigned sigh, Astrid laces her fingers with his and offers a supportive squeeze of his hand. She smiles at him when he looks over questioningly and revels when he returns the gesture.

"Thanks." He whispers as they approach the table where his mother is sitting.

"Not a problem." She says, winking at Valka once she notices them.

"For Thor's sake, Hiccup!" His mother gasps as she jumps to her feet and hurries over. Once she reaches them, though, her expression softens. "Well...at least you're not as late as your father was to his coronation."

Hiccup's eyebrows arc upward and he's about to question that his _father_ had also been late...but before he gets the chance, he hears the music suddenly go quiet and everyone stops talking and laughing and dancing. They all turn toward the doors and then Valka touches her son's arm and smiles softly.

Hiccup hesitates because he knows who has just arrived. The young man draws in a shaking breath and then turns to face Gothi, who is hobbling in beside Gobber and leaning most of her weight on her staff. About nine Terrible Terrors trail closely behind her.

The other Vikings disperse, forming a circle around Hiccup and a path for Gothi to reach him. They're all deathly silent as they watch the coronation begin.

As she approaches, Hiccup kneels down on one leg and bows his head,

like he did to receive her symbol after the battle with Drago Bludvist. Only this time, she begins to scrawl cryptic writing into the floor in front of him. And no one moves to translate it.

Instead, she herself parts her wrinkled lips and begins to speak, as she only does during this very ceremony. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third," She begins in a raspy, unused, trembling voice. "Thirty-five years ago, I named your father...Stoick the Vast, Chief of our tribe. And today, I give that title to you. As of this moment, you are the leader of our people and the protector of our way of life. May the mighty and merciful gods watch over you."

As soon as she stops writing and speaking, the crowd erupts in jubilant cheers. They pump their arms into the air and shout excitedly, immediately surging forward to surround their new Chief. Hiccup stands slowly, feeling a bit dizzy but still manages a weak smile as his people smack him on the back and loudly congratulate him.

"CONGRATULATIONS, HICCUP!"

"WELL DONE!"

"YOU'LL BE A FINE CHIEF!"

And Hiccup thanks them all with his most convincing smile.

Eventually, the music starts up again and everyone disperses, leaving Hiccup to finally sink onto a bench and close his eyes, feeling drained. He looks pale and his stomach is twisted into stressful knots. The concept of fainting does not seem far-fetched right about now. But then again, that would be incredibly unbecoming of a newly crowned Chief...so he holds himself together for now, distracting himself by affectionately stroking Toothless's back and trying to even out the rapid flutters of his heartbeat.

"Just so you know, I'm not going to call you Chief."

Hiccup glances over his shoulder to find Astrid standing there, a little smirk on her lips as she walks around the side of his chair to sit down beside him. He chuckles and shakes his head. "I didn't think you would."

Her smile softens a bit as she reaches out and playfully tugs on a lock of his hair, causing his eyebrow to go up as she begins to braid it. "You shouldn't stress out so much." She tells him quietly. "It's not like anyone expects you to be the perfect Chief overnight. You heard your mother, even your dad made mistakes."

Hiccup doesn't respond at first. Instead, he releases a deep sigh and leans his head on his hand. "I know..." He mumbles. "It's...it's not that."

"Then what it is?" She asks, scooting closer to him so she can take his hand again. Her brow furrows a little when she thinks she sees the threat of tears in his eyes.

"It's just that...whenever I imagined this day..." Hiccup begins

weakly. "I thought...I always thought he'd be here...with me."

_Oh. _A look of pained understanding flickers across her face. Astrid frowns and reaches up to touch his cheek, prodding him to look at her. "I know you did." She whispers. "And I'm so sorry that he can't be. But...he would be _so _proud of you."

Hiccup's breath hitches a bit as he bows his head again, leaning against Astrid, who tenderly places a kiss on his cheek. On the other side of the Hall, she spots Valka. She's surrounded by the women of the village, who are clearly congratulating her and trying to catch up after twenty long years. Although Hiccup's mother is looking about as cheery as her son and Astrid is suddenly very glad when Gobber interrupts them and asks Valka if she'd like to dance.

At first, Stoick's wife wants to decline, but then she sees the knowing looking in the Blacksmith's eyes and she smiles tiredly and takes his hand. "Thanks." She whispers as he leads her away from the unwanted attention.

"It's not a problem, Valka." He assures her. "Although I think there's a certain someone who needs a mother's talking-to right about now."

Valka pauses, obviously unsure of what he means. But then, she searches the crowd for Hiccup, having assumed he would be celebrating right now. But between the twirling skirts and clapping hands, she finds her son hunched over on a bench, being comforted by Astrid. "Oh my..." She sighs as Gobber releases her arm and motions for her to go to Hiccup. Which she does with a worried expression.

However, it's not Valka that catches his attention at that moment. It's actually the goosebumps that prickle across his spine and the cold breath of air that brushes the back of his neck. He glances up, brow drawn as he tries to place this oddly familiar sensation.

His breath catches in his throat at the dizzy feeling that washes over him...it's like the world is moving in slow motion. The dancers twirl in slow circles and the music becomes muffled in his ears. As two of the spinning Vikings part, the cause of Hiccup's current state is revealed to him.

His eyes widen in both horror and confusion as he whispers, "Hinrik?"

* * *

><p>AN: My excitement knows no bounds! XD**_

**Thanks for reading and don't forget to review! :)***

2. The Vision

**Chapter Two**

**A/N: I'm listening to the same music I did way back when I wrote Bewitched! So hopefully the tone of the story will be similar as well...! :)***

**In resonse to...**

InfinitiumAce: **Yup :) New witch, but you'll just have to wait and see what kind of powers they have. As for Hiccstrid, I'm also thinking they're engaged but not everyone does so I just left them boyfriend and girlfriend. :)**

slowpoke09: **Yes he is :) I'm glad you like it so far!**

xFaerieValkyriex: **(Oh, it's you! That makes a lot more sense XD) You'll see if that really is Hinrik or not! And yeah, poor baby D: And that's fine XD I was just wondering if I said something that made people think there would be a sequel and I got worried. **

Parsat: **Well I'm glad I'm able to continue it then :)**

RazzlePazzleDooDot: **Lol, I'm glad you're excite! XD And...I was actually thinking about that happening XD Just for the feels...but I'm not sure yet. And yeah, Hinrik hasn't aged a day, unfortunately. But then again, that just means he's the same little cutie as he used to be! :D Well, I'm glad you liked the first chapter! :D And I highly doubt ALL my stories will HTTYD 2, I'll probably do the space in between a few times. At least until the new seasons come out in the spring and then I'll for them as well :) **

Breyannia: **You'll see! You'll get lots of answers in this chapter! :D**

Miss Zia Praxis: **I'm glad you're excited! :D**

Disneyfan14: **Well, I'm glad you like my choice to continue it then XD**

* * *

><p>"Hinrik...?"<p>

The name rings in Astrid's ears long after Hiccup spoke it. She feels frozen for a moment, her mind reeling. She hasn't heard that name in five years and yet it still resurfaces buried memories of suffering and fear and pain. She doesn't resist at first when Hiccup pulls away from her and starts quickly striding toward the crowd of dancing Vikings. She only watches with a bewildered expression as he walks toward no one, his eyes set intently on something she can't see.

It's only when Valka joins her by the table that Astrid stands up, her eyes narrowing in suspicion when she asks, "Hiccup? What's wrong?"

But he doesn't answer her.

Gods, this can't be happening. Not again.

* * *

><p>The room is spinning in slow motion around him. Colors are blurred and the music grinds and moans in his ears. He can see

flashes of his people turning to look at him as he pushes past them, his body almost moving on its own as it pulls him toward the glowing, ghostly figure standing directly below one of the Great Hall's arched windows.<p>

Hinrik looks exactly as he did five years ago. Although his shaggy russet hair and hazel eyes are washed out, shimmering with faint, white light. And unlike Hiccup's last memories of him, he isn't smiling. There's a nearly blank expression on his young face as he slowly lifts his right hand, unfurling his index finger to point to Hiccup's left.

"Hinrik!" Hiccup calls out, even his own voice sounding alien to his ears as he stumbles through the swirling room, struggling to stay on his feet. But the ghostly boy doesn't reply. Instead, he slowly shakes his head...and then vanishes.

And at that moment it's like something large and heavy slams into Hiccup's chest. His breath is knocked out of him and he staggers clumsily for a few steps, catching himself on the wall on the opposite side of the crowd. The room stops spinning and he can hear normally again. The first thing he registers at this point is the uneasy mumbling of the villagers as they stare at him...and Astrid's voice calling his name.

But Hiccup blinks feverishly, still trying to fight the overwhelming sense of disorientation that attempts to consume him. Is Hinrik really back? Surely, he isn't just imagining all this. Even his wildest dreams aren't this strange...so it must be true. He turns his head in the direction Hinrik had pointed and finds himself staring at the doors of the Hall, which are hanging open and creaking slightly in the wind.

"Hiccup...!" Astrid gasps as she finally breaks through the crowd and reaches him. Although, once again, her words seem to have no effect. He's staring at the doors of the Hall with his brow drawn, as if deep in thought. "Hiccup?" She slowly asks. "Are you okay? What's wrong...?"

Her steps are slow and careful as she walks over to him, as if afraid to startle him. There's just...something not right here. A strange feeling in the air that tenses her muscles and makes her hair stand on end.

"Hiccup...?"

Her fingers brush his arm, preparing to pull him over to her...but before she gets the chance, he's running again. This time, in the direction of the doors. The villagers exchange wary looks, as if afraid their newly crowned Chief has lost his mind... But Valka steps in just in time.

"Everyone calm down," She says smoothly. "Hiccup wasn't feeling well, is all. He just wanted to go out and get some fresh air." Her lie is a feeble one but the villagers seem to swallow it, apparently still retaining a great respect for their former leader's wife.

Soon, the musicians reluctantly start playing again and the Vikings return to their party, although there's still a suspicious air about them. Valka turns to ask Astrid what happened, only to find her

future daughter-in-law sprinting out the door after Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Branches swipe his cheeks as he runs by in a dead sprint. Fallen leaves crunch under his boot, and his prosthetic is constantly sliding in mud slicks. Hiccup nearly tumbles over a handful of times, only barely managing to stay upright as he struggles to keep an eye on Hinrik's distant, ghostly glow.<p>

It's obvious Hinrik is trying to lead him somewhere...but what is he doing here, after all this time? And why is he acting so strange? It doesn't make sense.

Far behind him, Hiccup can hear Toothless roaring as he tries to catch up to his Rider, but is failing miserably because of the density of the forest. He can also make out the sound of Astrid's voice calling his name over and over, sounding scared and a little desperate. He'll have a lot of explaining to do when she catches up to him, but for now...his head is beginning to spin again and for some reason, all he can really focus on is shimmering light ahead. Hinrik's beacon as he leads Hiccup further and further into the woods. However, it's not until the young Chief finally reaches his destination...that he realizes where he's been taken.

It's always surprising to Hiccup how lovely the meadow can look, despite the evil that took place here. The grass shimmers with fresh dew and bits of frost, the very edge of the pond is dusted with ice...and Hiccup shudders as the memory surfaces. He was nearly drowned in that pond. From here, Aragwen's cave lair is hidden by cat tails and tall grass..but it's there. He can almost feel its malevolent presence as he slows his pace and cautiously approaches the edge of the water, where a faint glimmer of light is dancing in mid-air. Like a silver firefly.

"Hinrik..." He pants, reaching out to it. But then it vanishes with a burst of cold air that makes Hiccup flinch...and then he's left staring into the dark pool of water below him, his mind slowly coming back into focus.

Once it does, Hiccup's brow furrows and he takes a step back. He closes his eyes and shakes his head, refusing to believe this is actually happening. _I'm losing my mind. _He groans to himself. _Hinrik disappeared five years ago, along with his parents. It's...it's just because it's the anniversary. I've been thinking about it all day and I'm stressed. No wonder I'd see things... _Despite his logical words, he still opens his eyes and grimaces at the sight of the water in which he nearly died.

Let yourself go...

Hiccup shivers as Aragwen's words float through his mind. She's dead. He _knows_ she's dead and she's never coming back. So why is he still so deathly afraid of her? The young Chieftain reaches up to rub the goosebumps from his arms and he turns around- "AHH!"

Hinrik is standing behind him. Pale eyes staring expressionless into the distance. It's as if he doesn't hear his friend's voice at all when Hiccup asks him what he's doing here. Nor does he respond when he asks if he's okay. The only response Hiccup receives is the slow

movement of Hinrik's arm as he lifts it up...and points silently at the forest in front of him.

Hiccup stares fearfully at the boy's arm. _Please let this be a dream. _And then he timidly glances over his shoulder, his head beginning to pound as his vision darkens around the edges. It sounds like thousands of voices are whispering in his ears at once and he staggers backwards, clutching his head...

Because standing directly in front of him...is himself. Dangling by the throat and being strangled by someone shrouded in shadows. The real Hiccup stares in horror as the other him thrashes helplessly in his attackers grip, choking and trying to scream...but is unable to break free. He watches as the vision of himself goes deathly pale...and very still. And then his attacker lowers him to the ground and pulls a dagger from his waistband.

But Hiccup can't see anymore, his vision has become a tunnel and everything looks distorted. His breaths hitch and his head is pounding. He turns back to Hinrik and squints through his blurring vision when he asks, "Why show me this...?"

The ghostly teen finally appears to hear his question and answers in a single word. A single name. _"Esmond."_

* * *

><p>AN: And may the weirdness ensue... XD**_

**Thanks for reading and don't forget to review!**

3. Hiccup The Chief

**Chapter Three**

**A/N: Remember that Pushing is the ability to force your will over someone else's, like mind-control sort of.**

**Also, writer's block SUCKS. --**

**In response to...**

Wanli8970: **You would be assuming right :)**

LorreVarguhl: **Here's more XD**

premiumotter: **Yes am I :)**

Disneyfan14: **Maybe not as twisted...just driven. *evil smile***

InfinitiumAce: **Yep, unfortunately. And you'll just have to wait and see I suppose...**

xFaerieValkriex: **As you probably should... XD Eh, it's fine :) I was only confused for about two tenths of a second soo... XD**

_RazzlePazzleDooDot: **Well, thank your window for convincing you to

review XDD And thank YOU as well! LOL, I'm glad you are pleased with things thus far! As for sorcery, you'll have to wait and see :) And thanks...again. XDD**_

anime-rocks-08: **I'm glad you like it :) And sure, as soon as I come across some time I'll check it out.**

Breyannia: **She probably won't be, you're right. XD**

* * *

><p>Naturally, Toothless is the first one to find Hiccup. The new Alpha had tracked his friend's scent clear through the forest, all the way to the meadow where they had just departed from earlier in the evening. But why would Hiccup come all the way back here? And why was he acting so strange, like he couldn't hear Astrid's voice? It doesn't make sense. The Night Fury gallops into the clearing, his green eyes slitted with suspicious pupils, his scales bristling. And that's when he spots Hiccup.<p>

The young Chief is on his hands and knees, his head bowed. He's breathing heavily and his arms tremble with the struggle of supporting his own weight. His skin is much too pale. Something's wrong...

Toothless's fierce expression softens with concern for his friend and he hurries over, lowering his head to peek at Hiccup's face. His human's eyes are closed and his brow is knotted. The dragon whimpers quietly and inches a bit closer, carefully nudging his human's side with his nose.

Is his Hiccup okay? He's still breathing funny...

At the feeling of his dragon's touch, Hiccup seems to snap out of it. His eyes flutter open and slowly sits back onto his heels, reaching up to press the palm of his hand against his forehead. "Ughh..." He groans. "Toothless?"

The Night Fury coos softly and nuzzles Hiccup's cheek as if asking 'are you alright?' He's rewarded with a tired smile and an affectionate scratch behind the ears.

Hiccup rubs his eyes and glances around the meadow, his expression dark when he recalls the morbid vision Hinrik forced on him. But...where is Hinrik now? And...who's Esmond?

"Hiccup!"

The Chief yelps in surprise at the closeness of his girlfriend's voice. When he turns, Astrid is only a few feet behind him. Her face is drawn in both worry and anger as she stalks toward him. One of her hands is currently busy picking leaves and branches out of her hair...while the other grips the axe on her waist.

"WHAT," She barks, suddenly fuming. "WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?!" Her blue eyes roam over Hiccup's body, deciding that he looks okay. He doesn't look sick or injured...so WHY in Thor's name did he run all the way out here?! And why didn't he answer her when she called him so many times?!

"Astrid..." Hiccup squeaks, grimacing at the way she stomps even closer and pulls her axe out of her waistband, letting it hang freely at side. He swallows, his lips pressing into thin lines. Sometimes it's very easy to forget that his beautiful partner-in-crime...also has quite a mean temper. "Sorry...I don't..." But he hesitates. He can't really say he doesn't know what came over him...because he does.

"You don't what?!" She snaps, holding out her hand to him despite her furious tone.

He takes it gratefully, still feeling a little shaky in his legs, and allows her to help him up. "I...I don't really know how to explain it but...I think I just saw..._Hinrik_."

Astrid's eyes widen a little and she lowers her head, staring quizzically at him from beneath her eyelids. "I _thought_ I heard you say his name back in the Hall." She admits. "I guess that explains a few things. But...why did you run off so suddenly? And why didn't you answer me when I called you?"

He sighs deeply, pausing for a moment to steal a glance over his shoulder. The pond in which he was nearly drowned shimmers darkly beneath the night sky...and now, he can't shake the image of himself being strangled to death in this very spot. "I'll...tell you on the way. Let's just get out of here."

Astrid frowns, noting the slight tremble to her boyfriend's fingers when he places a hand in the center of back to guide her out of the meadow. _Something's really got him shaken up...what could have happened? _But she doesn't question him yet, deciding it's probably best to get him home and make sure he really _is_ okay before interrogating him any further.

Trailing closely behind them is Toothless. The dragon's ears are folded closely to his head as he looks over his shoulder once more, eyes narrowing in suspicion. Hiccup said he saw Hinrik...and if Toothless's memory isn't betraying him, that's the name of ghost who saved his Rider's life five years ago.

The presence of the disembodied spirit would explain the bitter chill in the air...but it doesn't explain why this clearing feels so..._dark_ all of a sudden. The Alpha's teeth slide through his gums, silently threatening the malevolent presence that lingers here to try anything.

Whoever is in this clearing now...isn't Hinrik.

* * *

><p>"So, you're saying Hinrik just randomly appeared at the coronation, told you to follow him to the clearing, showed you some...creepy vision, and then disappeared?" Astrid rehashes, almost in disbelief.

"Basically." Hiccup grumbles in reply.

The two of them are sitting on the steps outside Hiccup's house with Toothless curled protectively around them. The way they're sitting, their legs are nearly entangled with each other's from the closeness

and their hands are clasped together. Along with the dark shape of the Alpha dragon wrapped around them, it's very clear their conversation is a private one to anybody who passes. So no one bothers them.

Astrid examines Hiccup's distant expression and shamelessly reaches out to brush his messy bangs from his eyes, as she's always had a habit of doing. "You're really freaked out by this, aren't you?" She asks quietly.

Hiccup puffs out a sigh and nods his head, his qualms about admitting weakness or fear in front of Astrid having been long forgotten over the years. "I think I have a pretty decent reason to be..." He grumbles. "The last time I saw Hinrik was five years ago...and I'm sure you haven't forgotten what was going on at that point."

Astrid purses her lips and bows her head a little, a shiver running through her at the memory of those nightmarish events that almost stole Hiccup from her. Without her noticing, the young woman's hands squeeze his a bit tighter, as afraid to let go of them. "Trust me, I haven't forgotten." She mutters darkly. "I still occasionally have bad dreams about it... And she's sure Hiccup does as well."

"I just wish I knew what he meant when he said 'Esmond'." Hiccup says, his focus pulling out of his own anxieties and redirecting back to their conversation again.

"Doesn't sound like anyone's name around here." Astrid replies. "Do you think it could be someone from Aragwen's village?"

But Hiccup only shakes his head. "I don't know." He admits. "I'm assuming whoever Esmond is, he's the guy who was in my vision."

"The one...that was choking you?" Astrid asks, trying not to sound too worried. Even though she is.

He nods. "Yeah, him." Hiccup is about to say something else, but is distracted when Toothless suddenly lifts his head, which had been resting in his Rider's lap.

The dragon's pupils dilate happily and he jumps to his feet, unravelling himself from around his human and then bounding over to the woman who now walking up the steps. Valka laughs when Toothless nuzzles his cheek against hers and seems to hurry her toward the house, where her son is standing up to greet her.

"Hey, Mom..." Hiccup says, trying to smile. But his fake grin fades away when he spots the scrutinizing look his mother is giving him. Despite only having lived with her for a few weeks now, he already knows her mannerisms very well. Probably because they mimic his own so closely. Which is also how she knows something is very wrong with her son the moment she lays eyes on him.

Valka stops at the top of the stairs and folds her arms, giving him a scolding look only a mother could pull off. "What happened?" She demands, now also looking at Astrid. "You gave us all quite a scare back at the Great Hall, young man."

Hiccup glances sideways at Astrid, who is just standing up from the porch. She nods her head encouragingly at him and laces her fingers

with his again. For a moment, Hiccup hesitates. How should he even say this? It was hard enough explaining it to _Astrid_... "I saw Hinrik." He admits quietly. "That's why I ran."

Valka pauses, her brow creasing. "You saw who?" She asks in confusion.

It's only then that Hiccup realizes. His mom doesn't know about Hinrik. Or Aragwen, or Austri...or any of it! It all took place years ago, back when he still believed she was _dead_! He exchanges wide-eyed looks with Astrid, who groans in realization as well.

Valka is tremendously confused at this point and is about to ask them who Hinrik is, when her son suddenly opens the door to their house and ushers her inside.

"We'd better go in...this might take some explaining."

* * *

><p>"I can't believe it..." Valka breathes after hearing the whole story, her green gaze switching back and forth between the two young Vikings seated before her, as if still hoping the horrifying tale is just some morbid joke and one of them will eventually burst out laughing... But of course, neither of them do. Despite the fascination in her eyes, her expression is somber as she reaches out squeeze her son's hands. "I'm sorry." She whispers sadly. "I should have been there to help you."<p>

But Hiccup only shakes his head. "It was five years ago, Mom. You couldn't have known..."

The older woman sighs deeply, her brow creasing with thought. "Your father must have been so scared for you..."

A heavy silence hangs between them for a few moments, the atmosphere of the room darkening immensely. It's been three weeks since Stoick's death...but Hiccup still occasionally finds himself almost...forgetting. It just doesn't seem real to him, even now. He still sometimes comes home and is surprised when he finds the front room empty of his dad's presence. And the pain in his chest that always follows is one of the worst he's ever felt...

The young Chief bows his head, swallowing the lump that has formed in his throat. _I had dad to help me back then...he and the others saved me from Aragwen...they saved my life. But now, I'm Chief. _He frowns slightly as a pang of fear jolts through his chest. _I can't be relying on everyone to protect me now. I'm responsible for everyone's safety...I can't be putting everyone in danger._

Suddenly, Hiccup glances up at Astrid and his mother. They're both still wrapped in the grief of the moment, both of them clinging to his hands, trying to comfort him at the same time. And his expression darkens even further.

_The last time this happened, Astrid was nearly killed. So was Dad. _He growls under his breath before standing up, jarring the two women out of their dazes. Valka and Astrid stare at Hiccup with questioning looks. _I won't let them get into danger this time._

"Hiccup?" Astrid asks, getting up as well. "What's the matter?" She eyes him suspiciously, not exactly liking the fiery glint in his gaze right now. She's seen it before and it always leads to trouble.

But regardless, Hiccup folds his arms over his chest and says, "First thing tomorrow morning, Toothless and I are going look for this guy 'Esmond'." He tells them, his voice firm. "So I need someone to watch the village while we're gone."

"Are you kidding me?!" Astrid suddenly barks, her hands shooting up over her head in outrage. "You saw a vision of him strangling you to death and now you want to go looking for him?!"

"It's not like that." He assures her soothingly, raising his hands in a calming manner. "I can't let him get close to town. If he really is as dangerous as Hinrik seems to think he is, then it's my duty to keep him away from the villagers."

"Hiccup-!" Astrid starts again, only to get interrupted.

"I'm Chief now, Astrid." He reminds her in low voice. "It's not about me, anymore. We have to start putting the safety of Berk ahead of everything else."

And surprisingly enough, Astrid pauses, seeming to think about that for a moment. She doesn't immediately jump on him about being reckless, like he thought she would. However when she speaks next, her words almost cause him to topple over in surprise. "You're right." She says, almost lightly. "You are Chief now and it is your duty to protect the village."

"Uhh..." Hiccup blinks in shock. He hadn't expected her to agree so easily. "Yeah...right. I'm glad you-UHH!" He stumbles backwards uneasily when his girlfriend suddenly takes a threatening step forward, raising a finger to to his eye-level and glaring heatedly at him.

"But there is one little problem with your plan, Hiccup." She growls, now very close to his face. "You might be Chief, but if you do anything stupid enough to get yourself hurt, I will clock you SO HARD the village will have to find a replacement while Gobber forges you new teeth!"

By the time Astrid finally backs off, Hiccup is pressed against the wall, his eyes wide. He swallows, lips pressing tightly together as he forces a nervous smile. Astrid is a beautiful, intelligent, open-minded, and wonderful woman...but boy, does she have a bad temper! "A-Astrid, I don't-"

"I mean it, Hiccup." She assures him, her voice smooth and controlled once more. "I know you have to do your job as Chief...but make sure you don't do anything stupid in the process."

His tense smile softens a bit and he nods, finally peeling himself off the wall. "I will." He says, noticing how she doesn't back off, even now that their chests are almost touching. He notes, with curiosity, the burning gleam in her blue eyes as their gazes lock. Even though she doesn't say it, she's still willing him to be careful and stay safe.

The young man grins at her and slowly leans down, reveling in that strange sensation that always overtakes him whenever he's close to her like this. Like the rest of the world has just gone dark and nothing matters but Astrid. He can feel her lips tugging up into a smirk when his whisper over them.

But then-

"Ahem!"

Hiccup flinches as the world jolts back into existence and he remembers his mother standing in the room as well, his view of her hidden behind his girlfriend, who is now blushing in embarrassment and clearing her throat as she takes a few steps back.

Valka raises an eyebrow at them. "I um, suppose I'll let you two say goodnight." She mumbles, awkwardly ducking out of the room with Toothless closely in tow.

Once she's gone, Astrid smiles apologetically at Hiccup. "Sorry." She breathes, still feeling a bit flustered from their little moment. He shrugs, trying to act casual but his freckle-dusted cheeks are flaming red as well.

"Well...I'll see you tomorrow." He says. "Goodnight, Astrid."

She nods and then takes his hand, squeezing it affectionately. "Night, Hiccup." She cranes up, pressing her lips to his and smiles into their kiss at the feeling of his fingers on her cheek.

Once they part, they linger for a moment before Astrid turns to the door and goes outside, stopping only long enough to remind him, "Be careful tomorrow morning. No stupid stuff."

"You have my solemn oath." He replies with a chuckle, still grinning as she closes the door behind her. Hiccup sighs contently, all his grieving momentarily forgotten. And that's when Valka returns into the room and taps him on the shoulder.

"She's right, you know." His mother says quietly, earning a quizzical stare from her son. "You're Chief, yes. But that doesn't mean all caution must be thrown to the wind for the sake of the village. You still have to be careful."

Hiccup nods. "I know. I will be." And then he smirks as Toothless nuzzles his waist. "Besides, I'll have the Alpha dragon with me! What could be safer than that?" He laughs at the proud look his dragon gives him.

"Well, I suppose that's true." Valka chuckles. "Goodnight, Hiccup." She says as she kisses his forehead.

"Night, Mom." He motions for Toothless to follow him as he heads upstairs to his bedroom, sinking tiredly onto the bed for a moment to close his eyes. He listens to the sound of Toothless shuffling over to his stone-slab and then breathing his flames down to warm it. Such a familiar, comforting sound.

Hiccup then slowly sits up and yanks his chest-piece over his head,

followed by the bracers on his arms and his boot. He dumps everything under his desk before shimmying out of his leather pants, leaving only his long, green tunic and leggings. Not unlike the ones he would wear when he was younger.

He yawns, suddenly feeling drowsy, and easily unbuckles his prosthetic foot. That, he slides beside his bed, perfectly within reach. The young Chief flops back down and yanks the heavy furs he uses for a blanket up to his chin. "Night, bud." He mutters, earning a soft coo from the Night Fury.

Hiccup rolls over and closes his eyes, making a conscious effort to distract himself from the morbid vision Hinrik had showed him. There will be more than enough time for worrying about _that _in the morning.

* * *

><p>AN: I had a lot of fun writing this chapter! I hope you guys like it as much as I do!**_

**Thanks for reading and don't forget to review :D**

4. Search For Esmond

**Chapter Four**

**A/N: In response to... (once again, I forgot to post these at first! Sorry!)**

Wanli8970: **Yup XD**

InfinitiumAce: **Don't worry, pushing comes later. As will finding out just how 'smart' or 'stupid' his plan really is...**

Disneyfan14: **Oh, XD Well I promise it's not a lie (I just work really hard to make it sound good when I do struggle with writing) but thanks! LOL!**

LorreVarguhl: **Thanks :)**

Breyannia: **You'll see~**

xFaerieValkyriex: **Lol, I'm glad you liked that little moment! And happy late birthday! :DDD**

RazzlePazzleDooDot: **Ah, yes. Hiccstrid. The light of my life XD And she's such a delight, isn't she? LOL!**

UnbreakableWarrior: **Thank you :D**

Jesusfreak: **(sorry I didn't respond last chapter, I didn't see your review until after the chapter was posted) But yes, my popularity has definitely gone up since I first started writing, something I'm incredibly grateful for! (and baffled by XD) And as for the episode question, I didn't notice it specifically that time, but Toothless does tend to react to Hiccup getting punched by Astrid, even in other episodes. XD**

* * *

><p>It's the sound of sizzling cookware that greets Hiccup when he first opens his eyes the next morning. The young Chieftain blinks sleepily and yawns, his auburn hair sticking almost straight up on his head as he lazily stretches his arms. Already he can hear the sound of his fellow villagers waking up and starting their morning routines. And, for some reason, he sighs in relief that nothing has happened while he slept. Everyone is still safe and sound.<p>

He rubs his eyes and yawns again as he raises a questioning eyebrow. Toothless isn't on his bed and he isn't jumping on the roof. Well...if he isn't in either of those places, he's-

"Haha, Toothless! Where are your manners?"

Hiccup chuckles at the sound of his mother's playfully scolding voice, right on cue. The young man shakes his head as he pushes his blanket aside and shivers at the cold air in his bedroom. He reaches down to fish his prosthetic out from beside his bed and attaches it quickly, always feeling slightly better when he has two functional feet to work with.

As he stands up, Hiccup pauses, remembering the events from yesterday evening. Seeing Hinrik, the vision, his decision to look for Esmond... A nervous feeling twists his stomach at the memories and he frowns as he takes his armor from beneath the desk. _I guess we'd better leave as soon as possible. Might as well get this over with._

But before he gets a chance to dress, he hears heavy paws on the stairs and turns just in time to see Toothless barreling toward him. The Night Fury's pupils are wide with excitement as he plows into his Rider, knocking Hiccup backwards onto the bed before dragging a tongue up his human's cheek.

Hiccup groans in disgust and tries to push his dragon away, grumbling something about the slobber not washing out, before realizing he's _hopelessly _trapped. "Ahhh, okay!" He moans, grimacing at the gooey feeling of his cheeks now. "Yeah, good morning, bud... Ughhh, glad to see you too."

His dragon purrs happily and sits back, allowing Hiccup to stand again. There's still an excited air about the Night Fury, one that Hiccup is already pretty sure he understands. He knows they're going flying first thing, just like the old days. And even though this won't exactly be a care-free flight...Hiccup can't help but grin as well.

"You ready, bud?" He asks, his voice holding a childish thrill he hasn't caught himself in since he was fourteen.

And Toothless points his snout to the air and drones a long, warbling trill that sounds almost like a howl. Hiccup laughs and playfully scratches his dragon's ears before running down the steps, armor all but forgotten.

Valka turns in surprise at the sound of her son's footsteps -one clanking metallicly- as he runs down the stairs, and smiles curiously

at the way he and his dragon are behaving. Like two children. "Good morning, Hiccup." She greets, one eyebrow arched upward.

He glances sideways and smirks at her. "Morning." The way his eyes find the frying pan in her hand does not go unnoticed and she grins.

"Breakfast?" She offers, tipping the heavy metal pan in his direction. "Cloudjumper heated it for me." As if hearing his name, the wide-eyed dragon peeks his head down from the rafters, where Hiccup hadn't even noticed his presence.

"Uhh..." He hesitates, not feeling comfortable with the odd...slimy look of the meat within. Nor the raw smell of it. "No thanks. Toothless and I have got to go early today, remember?"

She nods and sets it down on the table. "Make sure you eat, though. Get something at the Great Hall!"

"I will!" He calls back as he and his dragon rush outside, letting the door fall heavily shut behind him. The young Chief stumbles sideways in his rush to grab his boot from the steps and tugs it on as he walks, laughing at the way Toothless is almost jumping with excitement. "Relax, bud! I've gotta get my shoe on!"

The Night Fury groans eagerly and fans his wings, his back arching as his extra set of spines pop into place. He looks up once more at his human, who is still struggling with his clunky boot and howls again, clapping the scales together as if to say 'chop, chop!'

Hiccup rolls his eyes and finally manages to tug on the shoe. He rubs his arms against the bitter cold air, no longer used to the feel of it without his armor and bracers. But he dares not try to go back inside to grab his things. Toothless would probably die from impatience if he took that long... _Eh, a little cold never hurt anyone. _He decides as he hops into the saddle. "Now remember bud, we're out here to look for Esmond. So keep your eyes open for anything suspicious."

Toothless flattens his ears, pupils narrowing as if in vigilance and he growls his confirmation, earning a nod from Hiccup.

"Alright, then let's g-WOAH!" Hiccup's alarmed cry is cut short by laughter as Toothless rockets straight up into the air, his wings making them twirl as they shoot through the clouds.

Far below them, Valka is standing on the steps and shaking her head. A small smile playing on her lips. _What a Chief. _She remarks dryly, humor glittering in her eyes. _Gods help us all. _And then she returns inside to where Cloudjumper is waiting.

* * *

><p>The black shape of the Night Fury glides steadily above the tree tops, his green eyes shifting back and forth, nose twitching as he sniffs the air. The sky has now changed from the early morning shades of pink and orange to a dull grey, where clouds have settled firmly over the island. Hiccup is just as vigilant as his dragon, now that their urge for flight has been sated. He, too, scans the familiar woods below for anything unusual. Only to come up short.<p>

_Maybe I was wrong. _He muses. _Maybe Esmond isn't on the island at all... _But even as he thinks this, a cold chill runs up his back, like ghostly fingers scolding his spine. He resists at first, but eventually glances over his shoulder, silently hoping to see Hinrik behind him.

No such luck.

Hiccup frowns, wondering if maybe...all of this could just have been some stress-induced mental breakdown, like he thought before. After all, it was only three weeks ago that his father was killed and he had to fight off Drago Bludvist. Less than twenty-four hours since he's been officially name Chief. And he'd been nervous all that day. It certainly didn't help that it was the anniversary, either... Fives years ago yesterday, Hiccup's life was nearly ended at the hands of a psychotic witch. So maybe...maybe he just imagined it?

But then, if he did, what's all this about Esmond? How could his mind come up with a name like that, one so different from what he's accustomed to. And the vision! No...not even in his wildest dreams could he imagine up something as twisted as that. If nothing else, the vision was real. And that means Hinrik was too.

It's while his Rider is pondering the state of his mental health, that Toothless catches wind of a foreign scent in the distance. His teeth instinctively slides through their gums and he rumbles a small growl, signaling Hiccup to his discovery.

"What is it, Toothless?" The Viking asks. He reaches down and tugs back the crank of the side of his dragon's saddle, locking the tail fin open so Toothless can steer. "Go ahead, bud. What do you smell?"

The Night Fury's body wiggles a bit as he grows accustomed to flying on his own again, his pupils narrowing down to slits. He carefully banks to the left, letting the wind push them in the right direction over the frost-covered pines. Soon, they're gliding toward the scent and the closer they get, the more uneasy Toothless becomes. Should he really be taking his precious human directly to the man who supposedly wants to kill him? Then again...does he really have a choice? Knowing Hiccup, he'll find this man with or without Toothless's help. And frankly, it's much safer if his dragon is _with him_ when he does.

So instead of fretting, the new Alpha focuses on tracking the scent. Not long after, he also senses hints of salt water and sand. Is this guy on the beach? Strange. If he's planning to kill the Chief, it's common sense he would try to _hide_. Not stay out in the open on the shore!

What's going on here?

A few seconds later, the duo are flapping out over a small, secluded beach that Hiccup only barely recalls being here. The entire thing is only about ten feet long and four feet inland, the rest of this shore is muddy grass and tall rocks which abruptly break off and crumble into the sea, revealing twisted tree roots within the wet earth. And Hiccup frowns at what he finds laying in the small patch of white sand.

A sailboat, only large enough for one person. Beside it, the beach is littered with what looks to be a makeshift camp site. Complete with half-empty sacks of food, a fire pit that's still smoking, and a bed roll laid out beneath a ragged tent.

Toothless growls softly below his breath and looks over his shoulder at Hiccup, who is studying the scene intently. He feels his Rider's hand tap his side and obediently follows the silent order to land.

Hiccup quietly slides off the saddle and motions for Toothless to keep quiet. The Chief's hand instinctively goes to his thigh, where he normally keeps Inferno...only to find it bare. He grimaces, he remembering that he left his sword at home, along with everything else. _Ugh, Chief-lesson number one: always bring your fire-sword..._

Regardless, he slinks over to the sailboat, reassured by the sound of the sand shifting below Toothless's feet very closely behind him. He peeks over the boat's lip, sighing in relief when he finds it empty. And there are no new footprints in the sand, other than theirs.

"Looks like no one's home." Hiccup remarks, only half disappointed. "I wonder if we should just-AHH!" He yelps in surprise at the feeling of something icy cold wrapping around his ankle and pulling so hard he falls flat on his back, smacking his head on the side of the boat in the process.

Toothless jumps back in shock, only to quickly return to Hiccup's side, sniffing him and nudging his ribs to ask if he's okay.

"Yeah, I'm fine...bud." Hiccup mutters, staring in bewilderment at his ankle. ...there's nothing there. Nothing that could make him fall. Especially nothing that _cold_. Leaning up, he winces at the soreness of his head where it struck the vessel. What in Thor's name is going on here?! What could have...?

But then, as he's pushing himself to his knees, he notices something on the side of the boat. A...crest? Frowning, Hiccup scoots closer to get a better view. He digs away a bit of the sand that's covering it and then leans back on his heels, feeling blown away at what he sees.

He _knows_ this symbol. From where, he isn't sure, but it sends goosebumps racing over his skin and suddenly makes him want to return home as soon as possible. Deciding it's probably best not to fight this ominous feeling, Hiccup stands up and goes to his dragon's side. "Come on, bud." He mutters, feeling chilled. "Let's get out of here."

Toothless nods his head and flaps up into the sky, disappearing over the tree tops as soon as possible because he senses his Rider's eagerness to get away. And he's not about to argue with that. Especially if this Esmond guy is around somewhere... He feels Hiccup lean into the saddle and glances over his shoulder, worrying that something might still be wrong.

But his human only looks thoughtful now that they're away from the

foreboding campsite. "You know...Mom was all over the place before we found her at the Dragon Sanctuary...I wonder if she would know that crest if I drew it out for her?"

Toothless drones quietly, not particularly interested in learning about that crest. All he wants right now is to get Hiccup home. But the Night Fury can feel his Rider's finger absently tracing the circular crest into his scales. This isn't over yet. Hiccup is surely going to pursue this lead...even though it will probably only lead to more trouble.

Then again, he wouldn't really be Hiccup if he wasn't constantly getting himself into trouble so...what can you do?

5. Esmond

**Chapter Five**

**A/N: So a lot happens here...**

**In response to...**

Wanli8970: **You might be correct ;D**

Breyannia: **You'll see! :)**

xFaerieValkyriex: **You'll have to wait see and I suppose!**

Disneyfan14: **Maybe...maybe not!**

* * *

><p>"Oh Hiccup, there you are!" A very distressed Mulch is the first thing Hiccup sees when he returns home from his disturbing discovery. The short man seems nearly beside himself as he ushers Bucket closer to the newly appointed Chief.<p>

"What's the matter?" Hiccup asks, his eyebrows going up when he notices the way Bucket is groaning and rubbing his head. "Does he feel a storm coming?"

"No, no! Nothing like that!" Mulch says, waving that notion away. "Come with us, we'll explain on the way!"

For a moment, Hiccup hesitates. He really should ask his mother about the crest he found...but...

"Ohhhh! Ughhhhh! Ahhhh!" Bucket moans in pain, cradling his head. He just looks so pathetic that the young Dragon Rider can't help but feel sorry for him. So Hiccup sighs in defeat and obediently follows them toward their huts, just hoping this won't take too long.

Looks like Esmond might have to wait...

* * *

><p>The rest of the day passes in a blur and, by the time it's over with, Hiccup feels a little like a rubber ball. Constantly being

tossed from one person to the next. Solving their issues, ranging from escaped sheep to calming angry dragons, and settling arguments. So when the end of the day finally rolls around, Hiccup staggers home, exhausted and completely drained of energy. He stumbles in the door and straight up the stairs, where he collapses into bed, despite the rumbles of his stomach. He's too tired to eat.<p>

Toothless is also totally fatigued and he wastes no time before curling up on his stone slab and drifting off to sleep, his droning snores filling the small bedroom within seconds.

"Ugh..." Hiccup groans as he rolls over onto his back to rub his temples. His father mentioned Chiefing was a big responsibility...but no one ever told him it was absolutely migrane-inducing! He's pretty sure if he has to mediate one more stupid fight or trap one more measly sheep...he's going to EXPLODE. No wonder his dad always kept a pail of ice in the house. He wouldn't mind a piece for his head right about now.

But as he lays there, seriously considering just going to bed without eating, he hears a gentle knock on the door downstairs. Frowning, the young man moans quietly. Who could it be this time?! He squeezes his eyes closed and presses the heels of his palms against them, before slowly picking himself up off the bed and trudging back down the steps.

As he reaches for the handle, he has the acute feeling he's forgetting something, but that sensation is quickly forgotten when he tugs open the door...to find Astrid standing there with a huge grin on her lovely face. In her arms is a wooden tray...stacked with food?

"Hey." She greets merrily as he steps aside to let her in.

"Hey." He says, a hint of confusion in his voice. "Since when do you knock?"

She shrugs as she goes to the table and sets the tray down, carefully sliding its clutter to one side and making room for them sit. "My hands were full so I couldn't get to the handle." She explains. "So I kicked a few times with my foot."

"Oh." Hiccup strides over, his eyes roaming the food she brought with her. His stomach clenches at the sight of it but he doesn't say anything yet. He doesn't want to be rude.

"So, was I right then?" She asks cryptically as she turns to him.

"Right about what?" He wonders.

"Well, seeing as how everywhere I went today, I saw you there helping someone...I'm assuming you were pretty busy?"

"Oh that... Busy is not the word." He replies as he sinks onto a stool, rubbing his temples again.

"And knowing you, you probably haven't eaten anything yet." She assumes with a shake of her head.

He nods, a bit sheepishly. "I guess I got a little sidetracked."

"Well, then it's a good thing I'm such a good girlfriend." She chuckles as she motions to the tray. "I hope you're hungry because I brought enough for your mother to eat with us too, but she got held up with some of the other women so it's just us."

He smirks gratefully at her when she hands him a fork. "Works for me. I could eat a yak..."

Astrid smiles, quietly delighted that they'll be able to spend some time together, when she'd been so sure he'd be too tired to eat. "I'll get some water." She offers as she disappears outside again, probably to the well behind the house.

Hiccup watches her go, an amused look on his face. _Well...I guess I can stay up a few more hours. Wouldn't want to disappoint Astrid. _And then he cheerily thanks her when she returns and hands him a mug of water, content with the sight of her sitting at the table across from him as they eat.

Yeah...he could get used to this.

* * *

><p>Unbeknownst to them, someone watches Hiccup and Astrid through the window as they eat and laughing carelessly. Hidden within the darkness of the woods, Esmond tilts his head in curiosity as he observes them. His dark eyes roam over Astrid, vaguely wondering who she is, before turning to Hiccup.<p>

His eyes narrow and, like a predatory hawk, he leans his head the other direction. Yes, this boy does seem to fit the description of Stoick's runt of a son...but he has to be sure before he goes through with anything. So the man extends a muscular arm and, beneath his breath, whispers the name.

* * *

><p>"AH!" Hiccup sucks in a sharp gasp, the fork in his hand instantly dropping to the table with a clank as he doubles over, eyes squeezing shut against the sudden jolt of pain in his chest.

Alarmed, Astrid jumps up and rounds the table. "Hiccup? What's wrong?" She asks, placing a hand on his back. "Are you okay?!" Her eyes widen at the sight of both his hands gripping his chest and she kneels down beside him, placing one hand over his and using the other to brush his hair from his eyes. "Hey! Talk to me! What's the matter?" She demands urgently, a surge of panic washing over her when he doesn't immediately respond.

She's just about to call for help...when his posture suddenly relaxes again and his eyes flicker open.

"Hiccup...?" She nearly pleads. "Are you okay?"

"What...in Thor's name was _that_?" He gasps, rubbing his chest, which still aches slightly in the aftermath of the horrible burning

sensation that had plagued him a moment ago. _Felt like a hot knife in my heart...!_

"Hiccup!" Astrid barks, finally snagging his attention. He gapes at the fear on her face. "What just happened?!" She demands. "Are you alright?!"

"Uh...I'm not entirely sure what happened." He admits, a little distantly. "And yeah, I'm fine...I guess."

"You _guess?_" She presses, still not moving from her place beside him.

But he doesn't reply. The Chief's brow furrows as the room before him begins to swirl, looking almost like it's...melting. A cold feeling prickles up his spine, like a block of ice progressively brushing each vertebra. And even though he's aware that Astrid is still talking to him, her tone growing more and more frantic by the second, he can't hear what she's saying. All other noise is blocked out from his ears when the familiar voice hisses within his head.

"Esmond!" Hinrik warns him and Hiccup immediately stands up, ignoring the dangerous sways of the room. _"Woods."_

_ Gotcha. _Hiccup replies sternly as he hurries out the door, shouting for Toothless. He isn't entirely sure if Hinrik can even hear him since he never answers...but he asks anyway. _What's going on here? Who's Esmond?_

But of course, he doesn't get a response.

Toothless comes thumping down the steps, eyes wide at the scent in his nose and the worried look on Astrid's face as she trails Hiccup outside. He shouldn't have fallen asleep, the dragon scolds himself. He should have made sure his Rider was safe first!

Hiccup stomps down the stairs, squinting through the darkness in the direction of the forest. But he doesn't see anything. _Where is he?_ He asks Hinrik who, once again, doesn't answer.

"Hiccup, come on!" Astrid cries in frustration. "Talk to me! What's going on?!"

He can still only barely hear her but he catches enough of what she's saying to turn and raise a finger to his lips, signaling for her to keep quiet. She hesitates, still craving answers...but silently obeys, deciding she'll get her explanation soon enough. And that's when Toothless slinks over. The Night Fury growls at the smell. It's definitely whoever had been staying at that camp...! He watches his human with a wary eye. What's Hiccup planning to do?

Honestly? Even _he_ isn't sure what his plan is... He glares into the dark, trying to make out a shape within the trees. ...but finds nothing. After a moment, more ice trickles down his back and he hears,

"Gone."

_ Hinrik, I-_

"Hiccup?"

The two startled Vikings and the angry Night Fury turn in the direction of the voice. They all visibly relax at the sight of Valka hurrying in their direction. Although the woman's face is creased with concern.

"What's going on?" She asks, glancing between the three of them.

"I wish I knew..." Her son mutters quietly as he reaches up to rub his chest. The skin there feels tender and he can feel warmth radiating from it through his tunic. "But whatever just happened...Esmond had something to do with it."

* * *

><p>"Are you sure you don't want me to stay?" Astrid whispers to Valka as the two women stand by the open door. "If this really is a repeat of what happened with Aragwen, trust me when I say you're going to need all the help you can get!"<p>

But Hiccup's mother only offers a gentle smile and touches the girl's arm. "Thank you, Astrid." She says. "But I can tell you're shaken up from earlier. You need to rest."

"Valka-" The blonde woman tries again, only to be hushed.

"Hiccup will be fine. I'll keep an eye on him, I promise."

Said Chief is upstairs, grabbing his notebook so he can finally sketch the crest he found at Esmond's camp. Hopefully, his mother will recognize it and be able to shed some light on the situation. As he jogs down the steps, he finds Astrid still lingering by the door, even though they already exchanged goodnights.

"Is everything okay?" He asks her, taking in the worried pull to her lips. "I can walk you home if you want."

But she scoffs at his offer and shakes her head. "It's fine." She grumbles. "It's not me I'm scared for." And then she heads outside, leaving a very confused Hiccup at the foot of the stairs.

"What did I say?" He asks his mother, who only sighs.

"Nothing. It's not you she's mad at."

"Wait, what-" He starts, only to get cut off by his mom motioning to the notebook and asking,

"Have you sketched it yet?"

He frowns slightly at her interruption. "No, hang on a second." Hiccup takes the book over to the table, where he and Astrid's dishes remain only half-eaten. He slides them aside and sits down on the stool, quickly drawing the circular shape he found carved into the side of the boat. Once he's done, he sits back and allows Valka to see it.

He's only half surprised to see her eyes go wide in recognition.

"Yes, I know it..." She mumbles. "This is the crest of Farfalee." Her slender finger runs over the rune-like marking, tracing its jagged design as she bites her lip.

"That's what I was afraid of." Hiccup sighs. _So this might actually be another witch we're dealing with, then... Great. _That would explain why Hinrik is back. _And_ that pain in his chest. But...why would another witch want him dead?! Aragwen had her own, selfish reasons for his demise so...why this one? What does Esmond want with him?

"Hiccup," Valka suddenly mutters. "Just how bad was it with this 'Aragwen' woman? You said she tried to kill you but...how close did she get?"

Her son hesitates, his green eyes staring at the floorboards. There's a distant look on his face when he says, "Let's just say...close enough that when I eventually woke up...I wasn't entirely convinced I was actually alive."

Valka shivers and draws her hand away from the page. Farfalee had always struck her as a...frightening place. A dark one. She never stayed there for very long, especially since she couldn't bring Cloudjumper into the village. She knew better than to trust outsiders with her dragon secrets. But for the _Chief_ herself to be so evil...she had no idea.

No wonder Astrid had been so adamant about staying the night.

"Mom," Hiccup says softly, cutting into her reverie. "It's okay. I survived it once and I can do it again." He smiles at her and closes his notebook, tucking it under his arm as he stands. "Tomorrow morning, I'll get some men together and we can head out to that camp Toothless and I found. We'll find him, Mom. And now, we know exactly what we're dealing with."

_"Do you?" _Hinrik whispers skeptically.

* * *

><p>AN: Hey guys, sorry it took so long to get this posted. I've had a wicked migraine these past few days and writer's block on top of that. I tried to fix it by writing a Captain America one-shot but it didn't help much for this story...so...I might be taking a short hiatus for a while! Sorry! D:**_

6. Night Visit

**Chapter Six**

**A/N: *Peeks around corner* ...hi there. Um. Yeah. Been a while, right? ...ahem. Sorry about that.**

**In response to...**

_InfinitiumAce: __**Ugh ugh I don't even know anymore. XD Man, I haven't written in so long I forget my own story! LOL! Just go with it!**_

_Disneyfan14: __**Thanks :3**_

_xFaerieValkyriex : __**Thanks, I took so many antibiotics. So. Many.
o_o XD**_

_Breyannia: __**Hmm, he could possibly visit it someday I suppose.
Don't know when or if I'll write about that... It's a possibility
though!**_

_FrodoBaggins1415: __**Thanks :D I'm glad you like the
story!**_

_OinkyThePiggy: __**I'm glad you're enjoying!**_

_Forever Me: __**Sorry to probably kill your happy dance with such a
long wait... o_o But I'm glad you like it... **_

_CherryPika91: __**Thank you :D**_

_Guest: __**WOW! Okay so...honestly, I wasn't planning on updating
this story until I was completely better (I'm still pretty sick at
this point) but your review made me think that maybe I should. I'm so
happy you like it and I'm really really glad you like my OC. (That's
a big deal to us writers XD) So, to thank you for your amazing
review, here's another chapter! Hopefully, I can update again
soon.**_

* * *

><p>A few hours have passed since Esmond's distant attack on Hiccup
and now the young Chief lays asleep in his room, his face
expressionless and peaceful as he finally gets the rest he so
desperately needed. The room is pitch black, save for the subtle glow
of the dying embers that are still flickering beneath Toothless as he
snoozes on his rocky slab against the wall. And downstairs, Valka is
sleeping in the room she once shared with her husband... Obviously,
it's a restless sleep. The woman stirs and mumbles, still unused to
the feeling of living in a house, no longer surrounded by hundreds of
dragons. But lulled by Cloudjumper's warmth, she manages to doze
off.<p>

However, the entire night doesn't pass with this level of relative
ease. It's a little after midnight when Toothless's eyes suddenly
snap open, his scales bristling as his body tenses instinctively. He
growls quietly, searching the darkness for Hiccup's presence. Yes,
his human is still in bed... And by perking his ears, he determines
that Valka and Cloudjumper are as well. So...who is walking around
outside?

The Alpha narrows his eyes as he slinks toward the open window above
his slumbering Rider. Its ledge creaks below his weight as he perches
on its narrow surface, glaring into the dark village below. He
doesn't see anyone and he doesn't pick up any unfamiliar smells...
But just as he's about to return to his bed, he hears the sound
again.

_CRACK! _Like a heavy foot snapping a branch. And it sounds close.
With a snarl, Toothless leaps out the window and stalks in the
direction of the noise, determined to scare off the threat before it

can do any harm.

* * *

><p>Esmond watches as Hiccup's Night Fury follows the distraction he created. Even though he doesn't smile, there's a satisfied air about him as he stands up from his hiding place in the brush. The man dusts himself off as he calmly walks toward the Chief's house, reaching into his pocket to draw out a tiny velvet bag, about the size of half his palm. From the other pocket, he produces a slim, ornamental dagger.<p>

* * *

><p>Toothless chases the figure through the trees. It's moving fast and he can barely keep up with it on foot. But he manages to stay on its trail, despite the number of sharp twists and turns it takes through bushes and under fallen logs. By the time Toothless manages to catch up to it...he's unwittingly too late.<p>

The real threat is already standing in his human's bedroom, looming over Hiccup with a dagger in his fist.

* * *

><p>Esmond stares down at his quarry with cold, grey eyes that almost appear black in the darkness of the room. Hiccup's eyes are closed, his chest rising and falling steadily as he slumber beneath the shadow of the witch, who is now slowly reaching out a hand toward him...<p>

There's a peculiar gentleness to Esmond's movements as he prods the Chief's head to the side, causing the young man to stirr and mumble under his breath as he almost wakes up. But Hiccup remains cradled in his deep sleep, his body too exhausted from the long, stressful day to come alive right now.

And after a moment, Esmond seems satisfied that Hiccup won't notice as he slowly lowers the blade, leveling it with a lock of the boy's hair which has been braided into a convenient bundle. With a quick flick of his wrist, the knife cuts through the braid and it falls into the witch's hand.

But this does not go entirely unnoticed. Hiccup groans in irritation at the sharp tug of his hair that forces him out of his peaceful sleep. Without opening his eyes, he blindly swats at Toothless, who he's sure is the perpetrator. After all, who else would bother him at this hour? "Go'way, Toothless..." He grumbles. "It's too early..."

However, he doesn't get the response he expected. His dragon doesn't coo at him or nudge his side, as he usually would. He doesn't hear anything, in fact. And for a moment, that's almost enough consolation for him to simply let himself succumb to his weariness again.

...almost.

"Toothless...?" He mumbles, peering over his shoulder through squinting, tired vision. But he finds nothing. His room is empty.

With a frown, Hiccup rolls over and pushes himself up on his elbows, rubbing his bleary eyes. "Bud?"

His Night Fury's bed is bare and there is no one in the room.

With a confused grimace, he reaches up to touch his head, where he felt his hair being tugged...only to blink in shock at the few short strands of severed hair that come away into his hand. A sick feeling twists his stomach as he sits the rest of the way up. A piece of his hair has been..._cut_?

* * *

><p>Toothless stares wide-eyed at the small dragon before him. The Terrible Terror's eyes are glassy, unseeing and it sways dangerously. The Night Fury growls, his pupils narrowing angrily as he slams his Alpha will over the small creature. By doing so, he feels someone else's hold slip and eventually fail.<p>

This Terror was being controlled by someone.

And Toothless's stomach sinks when he realizes...this was a set up. A distraction. _Hiccup...! _The black dragon wheels around and sprints back through the dense forest in the direction of the house, where he foolishly left his human all alone!

* * *

><p>By the time he reaches the Haddock house, Toothless's heart is pumping so fast he can hear it in his ears. He never stops running but manages to take a wary sniff of the air, searching for that pungent, coppery odor that marks the spill of blood. With a great blossom of relief, he doesn't smell any. And even from where he's now standing at the foot of his human's window, he can hear Hiccup shifting inside. He's awake now. Awake and alive. Thank gods...<p>

The Night Fury still wastes no time in scrambling up the side of the house and leaping inside, immediately hurrying to Hiccup and sniffing him all over while the Chief stares at him in confusion.

"Toothless? Bud? Where'd you do-AH! What are you doing?!" He demands as the dragon practically climbs into his lap to sniff every inch of him. And his friend begins to growl at the faint hints of a foreign scent clinging to Hiccup's hair. It's only a trace, only a whisper of a smell...

But it's there. And it's even stronger in the room itself. Someone was here...and they got close enough to Hiccup to leave their stench behind on him. As it should, that thought makes Toothless's scales bristle uncomfortably.

He never should have left! He never should have fallen for such an obvious lure! How could he be so stupid?! What if the intruder had attacked Hiccup while he was asleep?! He could have died! He could have been killed! He could have-

"Tooth-Toothless! Stop!" Hiccup barks as he struggles to escape the weight of his dragon, who has quite literally pinned him down and is aggressively roving him with his nose. "Toothless! I'm fine! Now,

please, get _off_!" He pushes against the Night Fury, who is leaning a whole lot of weight on the young man's chest. "C'mon, bud! I can't...breathe...!" Hiccup chokes out, shoving against him again.

Finally, Toothless seems to catch the hint and backs off, lifting his weight from Hiccup's frail, little body but still remaining close enough to sniff his hair, where the scent is strongest.

"Toothless, I'm fine." Hiccup assures him again, softer this time. He strokes the dragon's head to soothe him until he eventually relaxes and sits back down on the floor, staring up at his Rider with intense, green eyes. And Hiccup sighs, nodding his head as if understanding what his dragon is trying to say. "Yeah, there _was_ someone here. I didn't see them, though. By the time I woke up they were gone."

Toothless snorts angrily and seems to bounce uneasily on his toes, his ears folded back against his head in a threatened manner. He thought, now that he's Alpha, protecting Hiccup would be easier. He has more power now. But it's only been three weeks...and _already_, things have gotten bad again. His Hiccup is in danger...and he's messing up his responsibility to keep him safe.

But Hiccup seems not to think so. "You don't have to worry, bud." He says with a gentle smile, although there's still an air of anxiousness on his features. "I think you must've scared them off when you came running. Let's just...go back to sleep. We'll figure it out in the morning."

And Toothless grumbles in acceptance. He could easily track the culprit...but he doesn't want to leave Hiccup defenseless again. Hopefully, the scent will stick around until morning. They can find the intruder then.

Hiccup lays down, although he doesn't roll over to face the wall like he usually does. He remains on his right side, biting his lip as he stares into the darkness of the bottom floor of his home. How could someone have gotten in and out without anyone hearing? _Cloudjumper_ is downstairs and even _he_ didn't hear! Whoever this person is, whether it was Esmond or not, they're most definitely a threat. Hiccup can feel it as he lays there, reluctant to close his eyes.

But eventually, sleep does take him again. And thankfully, he's able to remain in his slumber this time, without interruption from danger. But by now, it's only a few hours until sunrise and, all together, the young Chief has only managed to scrape together about four hours of sleep.

So it's no wonder, when he's woken by the harsh rays of the sun through the shutters the next morning, that he's still bleary-eyed and yawning, with his hair sticking up on one side of his head and a dried trail of drool running down his cheek. "Ughhhhh..." He moans, rolling over and yanking his furs up over his eyes to block out the murderous light.

In fact, it's only when he hears quiet snores coming from very close to his ear that he peeks out from below the comforting warmth of his blanket. His eyes squint in confusion when he finds Toothless asleep

beside his bed, the dragons wings propped in such a way so that his Rider is completely hidden from view to anyone coming up the stairs. Hiccup sighs and shakes his head, reaching up finally push the covers away as he releases a long yawn. Toothless hasn't slept beside his bed in years. _Last night really must have shaken him up... _He remarks to himself.

With a frown, the Chief gently touches his Night Fury's snout. He's found that's the best way to wake his fire-breathing friend. After all, it's not exactly smart to jolt a thousand pound winged lizard awake...he's lost parts of the roof doing that. And this way, Toothless catches his human's scent strong enough in his nose to gently ease his mind awake, instead of jarring it. And soon, the dragon's green eyes are fluttering open and he warbles contently at the sight of Hiccup's sleepy smile.

"Morning, bud." He greets, drawing his hand away and using it to tiredly scratch his stubbly chin. "Come on, we've got a long day ahead of us." And then he stands, stretches his arms high above his head and carefully steps around Toothless's open wings, ducking below their protective banner and grabbing his armor and Inferno from the desk.

Toothless shifts to his feet, teeth sliding through his gums as he yawns and stretches out his front legs like a large cat. His tongue slicks over the sharp fangs and he folds in his wings, following Hiccup downstairs. The Alpha's expression fouls when he catches wind of the scent, still lingering faintly in the lower level of the house. And then he looks at Hiccup. The young Viking has approached his mother, who is sitting at the table, looking only half-awake. But her brow tightens when Hiccup sits down across from her, surely to tell her what happened last night.

Toothless sits on the floor between the front door and his human family. He glances up at Cloudjumper, who is perched in the rafters and staring at him with knowing, owlish eyes. The Night Fury growls softly and leans his head on the floor, confirming the Stormcutter's assumption. They're going after the invader who Cloudjumper hadn't realized was in their house until they were long gone. And surely, Toothless isn't going to let them off easy for endangering his Rider's life.

He's done letting Hiccup get into danger. He's Alpha, for Thor's sake...and he's going to make sure this 'Esmond' or whoever it was..._knows_ not to mess with him. Or Hiccup.

End
file.